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THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1879.

NO. 17.

A WONDERFUL FLOWER.

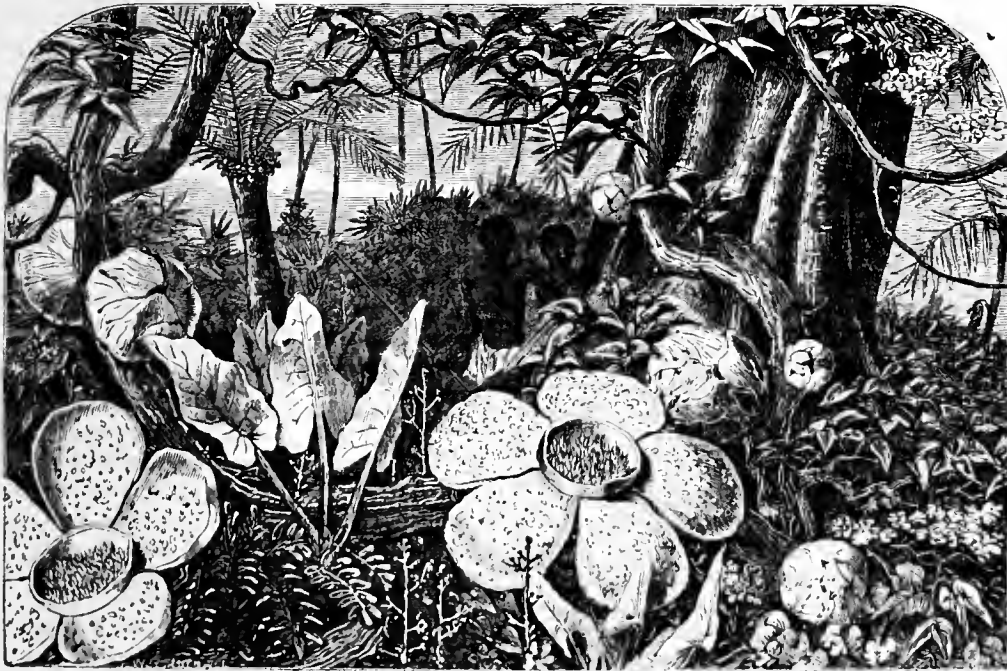
"COME with me, sir; come! A flower, very large, beautiful, wonderful!" exclaimed a Malay, who drew the attention of Dr. Arnold to a flower remarkable alike for its enormous size and its anomalous structure and habit. And the surprise of the Malay was nothing compared with that of Dr. Arnold and his companions, Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles, when, following their native attendant, they saw among the bushes of a jungle a flower apparently springing out of the ground, without stem or leaf, and measuring at least a yard in diameter. The first news of this remarkable discovery created a great amount of curiosity in Europe, and no papers ever read at the Linnaean Society can be compared, for the interest they excited, with those in which the illustrious Robert Brown described this wonder of the vegetable world.

Sir Stamford Raffles having been appointed governor of a settlement in Sumatra, and impelled by his great love for nature, resolved to explore that little-known island. On his first journey, in 1818, he took with him Dr. Arnold, an ardent and promising naturalist, who died as a new world was opening before him. He, however, discovered this gigantic flower; his drawings and descriptions were left unfinished, but his

patron carefully preserved and perfected them, and Robert Brown perpetuated the memory of both in connection with the plant, by naming it *Rafflesia Arnoldi*.

The most striking feature in the *Rafflesia* is its enormous size; indeed, it is the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It is composed of five roundish leaves or petals, each a foot across, of a brick red color, but covered with numerous irregular yellowish-white swellings. The petals

surround a large cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens. This cup is filled with a fleshy disc, the upper surface of which is covered everywhere with curved projections, like miniature cows' horns. The cup, when freed from its contents, would hold about twelve pints of water. The flower



RAFFLESIA ARNOLDI.

weighs fifteen pounds. It is very thick; the petals being from one to three quarters of an inch in thickness.

A flower of such dimensions and weight might be expected to be a treasure to the perfumer; but, alas, its odor is exactly that of tainted beef! Dr. Arnold supposed that even the flies which swarmed over the flower when he discovered it were deceived by its smell, and were depositing their eggs in the thick disc, taking it for a piece of carrion!

Another cause of wonder to the little band of explorers who discovered it was, that they could find no leaves connected with it. It sprang from a small, leafless creeping stem about as thick as two fingers. Now, a plant without leaves is like an animal without a stomach; for the leaves are to the plant what the stomach is to the animal: they separate from the air the food needed for the growth of the plant. Without them there could be no wood, no flowers, no fruit, no seed. Plants, therefore, have leaves. Some consist of only a leafy expansion, and even the single cell of minute and microscopical plants are really leaves reduced to their simplest structure. There are, however, strange plants which are actually leafless, making up for this want by using the leaves of others. Such plants are called parasites, because they feed on the nutritive juices of others. Thrusting their roots into the living tissues of other plants instead of into the earth, they appropriate the prepared food of these plants, and at once apply it to their own purposes for the production of stem, or flower, or fruit. The most familiar example of such a parasite is, perhaps, the dodder, one kind of which infests cultivated flax, while others are found on clover. The gigantic *Rafflesia* belongs to this class. Without a vestige of foliage, it rises at once from the long, slender stems of one of the wild vines of Sumatra—immense climbers, which are attached like cables to the largest trees in the forest.

The buds push through the bark like little buttons, continuing to grow until they have the aspect of large, closed cabbages, and in about three months after their first appearance the flower expands. It remains but a short time in perfection, soon beginning to rot, leaving only the central disc, which becomes a large, rough fruit, filled with multitudes of small, simple seeds.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

BUT the enmity of all these people united together could not be compared with the hatred which apostates in those days felt against Joseph and the work of God. William and Wilson Law, Chauncey L. and Francis M. Higbee, Dr. Robert D. Foster, and others, were rank, bloodthirsty apostates. They were leagued together, and had for their associates men who were resolved to kill the prophet if they could. "Anti Mormon" organizations and mobs could have had but little influence if all who had made profession of being Latter-day Saints had been true to their brethren and their religion. But these men had transgressed the laws of God, they had indulged in adultery, whoredom and lust, and had, therefore, lost the Spirit of the Lord.

Besides these open and avowed apostates, there were men still remaining in the Church who sympathized with them, and who, at heart, were traitors to Joseph, and the work of God. Prominent among these were Sidney Rigdon, William Marks and Austin A. Cowles. There were many others, also, of lesser note. One of these was a man by the name of James Blakeslee. We recollect very distinctly hearing him, one Sunday, during this Spring (1844.) speak from the public stand, and in

the course of his remarks he bore testimony to the truth of the work of God, and that Joseph was a prophet of God. It was the afternoon of that same day, or if not that day it was directly afterwards, he went and united himself with William Law's party and became an open apostate. Law at that time was declaring that Joseph was a fallen prophet, and was trying to form a church of his own.

You recollect reading in the last number of the INSTRUCTOR of William Law and William Marks being frightened at Joseph's statement about there being a "right hand Brutus." Marks had seen a fire on the bank of the Mississippi river, opposite his house, and it had frightened him. He thought he was the "Brutus," and the police had the design in view of killing him. His conduct proved that he had no confidence in Joseph, and that he was destitute of the light of the Spirit. Yet, strange to say, he and Blakeslee were two of the most prominent men in an apostate organization which claims to believe Joseph was a true prophet, while it denies the doctrines which he taught!

Joseph's enemies were alarmed at the idea of his being a candidate for the Presidency. While they ridiculed and abused him, they were very uneasy at the prominence which he was gaining in the nation. If he did not become President of the United States at that election, he was but a young man, only thirty-eight years of age, and he might succeed at some future time in reaching the Presidential chair. The thought was a bitter one to them. They were angry because he dared to do what every American citizen, however humble, has the right to do, namely, to offer himself as a candidate for the suffrages of his fellow citizens. But, in addition to this, there was another cause which apostates had for anger against him. He had revealed the principle of celestial marriage. Law and others were familiar with this revelation. Their impure souls could not comprehend or receive this great principle, and they rebelled against it. Joseph was perfectly aware of all the consequences which he incurred by teaching this doctrine. He knew that he taught it at the peril of his life. But his great soul never faltered. From the commencement of the work he had braved death without hesitation, and he did not shrink now. There was no principle which he had brought to the attention of the human family, that was welcome to the masses of men. Those which he taught, that the Christian world had long accepted, such as faith in Jesus and repentance, they preferred to hear from other lips than his: those he advanced that were new to them, men, with few exceptions, rejected. He was, therefore, familiar with all the difficulties of advancing truth to a priest-ridden, revelation-denying generation. God had led him along, step by step, until the proper time had come to reveal the sublime doctrine of eternal marriage, eternal increase, and the path in which man should walk to be exalted in the presence of God. Greater devotion to God and to truth could not be exhibited by mortal man than was evinced by Joseph in relation to this principle. Let the cost be what it might he was determined to do God's will, confident that in the end he would receive an ample reward for all his faithfulness.

Children, now that this principle is taught to the world, and is to a great extent established on the earth, you cannot know by personal experience the difficulties that had to be contended with, and the courage and faith which were required to enable a man to teach and practice this doctrine in the beginning. The craven souls of corrupt men were appalled at the bare thought of such a doctrine being practiced, and they deserted and opposed the prophet. It required pure, faithful and

courageous men to stand by him in this critical time. And they were not wanting. They were conscious of the purity of their own hearts and motives, were full of faith in God, and were willing, if necessary, to meet a world in arms. God did sustain them, and His arm is still around them to preserve them. Men so true to God as Joseph and those who stood by him were, could not fail to be acceptable to Him. He loved them for the godlike qualities which they exhibited, and the prosperity and the many blessings which the Latter-day Saints have enjoyed for the past thirty years and upwards, are due to God's favor towards them for their unflinching devotion to the truth which He revealed through His servant Joseph.

The greatness of the work which Joseph and his fellow-servants accomplished is not at present widely acknowledged, but the day is not far distant when mankind will bless their memories and greatly honor them for their fidelity to God and to principle.

(To be Continued.)

Short Sermons for Little Saints.

BY G. R.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."

THE above are the words of Je-sus. He was teaching the Jews what they must do to be saved. He oft-en told them there was but one way of life by which they could please God. And that way was to do His will. Not to do their own wills, to have their own ways, to live just as they liked, as good men, or bad men. That was not the way. Ma-ny of the Jews then, as man-y peo-ple do now, want-ed to be saved in God's king-dom, with-out keep-ing God's laws. Such a thing can-not be. If we are saved in that king-dom we must en-ter through the strait gate, that Je-sus talks of, on to the nar-row road that leads to heav-en.

What did our Sav-ior mean by the strait gate? He meant that there was but one gate, one way of en-ter-ing in-to the king-dom of God. He oft-en told the Jews that He was the door that led to the Fath-er. In oth-er words, all that are saved must ac-cept Him as their Sav-ior. He said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

They must o-bey His words, they must do as He com-mands. They must not on-ly call Him "Lord, Lord," but must keep His com-mand-ments. In this way they must prove that they be-lieve in Him, and show that they love Him.

How fool-ish the i-dea that men can, or do be-lieve in the Sav-ior, and yet not do as He di-rects them! An-y one who real-ly be-lieved that with-out Christ had died he could not be re-stored to the pres-ence of God, would sure-ly not re-ject the con-ditions He im-posed that he might ob-tain this great bless-ing. How could he, and be said to be wise? The man who does, says one thing by his words and an-oth-er by his acts. He claims to love God, yet will not o-bey Him. Je-sus says, "If ye love Me ye will keep My-com-mand-ments." Those who do not keep His laws when they know them, do not love Him, how-ev-er much love they may pro-fess.

JACK'S LESSON.

HERE is a true story. Jack H. told it to me of his own boyhood. He was born and reared in the North of Ire-land. The winters there are not usually severe, he says, but occasionally they have very deep snows.

Father came through the shed, where I was fixing straps to my new snow-shoes, one day, and said, "Jack, do you get the sheep together, before night, in the lower field. It looks, as if this storm would last all night, and if it should, it may be easier done to-day than to-morrow."

I looked up through the open door at the snow, which was falling gently and steadily. It did not seem to me likely to be much of a storm. But I had been taught unquestioning obedience, and only replied, "Yes, sir, I will," and went on with my work. Before it was finished Tom Higgins came, and he had a new plan for making a rabbit-trap, and we spent half the afternoon trying to carry it into execution, and the short winter day passed and the sheep were not folded. In short, it quite slipped my memory, only to be recalled by my father's question as he drew the Bible toward him for evening worship: "Jack, have you folded those sheep?"

The blood leaped to my forehead as I was forced to reply, "No, sir. I got to playing with Tom, and forgot it."

The silence that followed my reply was dreadful to me. If my father had upbraided me with violent anger, I think I could have borne it better.

"I am very sorry, sir," I stammered out at last.

"I fear you will have reason to be," said my father. "If those sheep are lost to-night, remember there will be no more

play for you till they are found. People who will not take trouble will be overtaken by trouble."

Nothing more was said. The reading and the psalms and the prayer over, I slipped quietly away to bed, taking a peep, as I went, through the shed-door, to see how the storm was progressing. I saw it had increased, and the wind was raising.

Nothing had power to keep me long awake in those days, however, so I slept soundly. In the morning I found the storm was still raging. The snow lay deep on the ground, and the wind was drifting it into the hollows and packing it away into solid masses. Father came in from taking a survey of the weather, bringing a rod fully fifteen feet long.

"The snow is deep," said he, "I am troubled about those sheep; they always seek shelter in the hollows and along the hedges, just where the drifts will be deepest. How we shall find them I do not know. I hope you are ready for a week's hard work, my son Jack?"

"Yes, sir; I am very sorry, and will do my best," I replied.

"Your best would have gone much farther yesterday than it will to-day. But we won't spend our strength groaning over a bad job. After breakfast we will go out and try what we can do."

"In this storm, father?" said my mother, deprecatingly. "It is the worst storm of the year; The snow blows so you can scarcely find your way."

"There are two hundred of those sheep," said my father. "I can't afford to lose them."

Breakfast over, we bound on our snow-shoes, and with the long pole and a snow-shovel went out to seek for the lost sheep. It cleared a little before noon, though the wind still sent the snow whirling about our faces; so it was not easy or agreeable working. Father found one here and another there, and I was set to dig them out. Fifteen sheep were found and brought home that day.

The next day the neighbors came and helped, for the weather had moderated, and there was always danger that a sudden thaw would follow such deep snows and the sheep be drowned before they could be rescued. One by one, or in twos and threes, the poor creatures were found and taken from the snow. But at the end of a week of hard work there were still seventy-five missing.

"How long will any live under the snow, father?" I asked, when a second week of work had only reduced the number of missing sheep to forty.

"I've heard of their living three weeks. We will keep on as long as we can find any alive," said my father.

The snow had settled into compact masses nearly thirty feet deep in some of the valleys, but we still found now and then a sheep by the hole which the warm breath of the creature made in the snow as it rose. I searched diligently for those holes. Little I cared that I had not had a moment's play in all the days since the storm. I was most anxious that all the sheep should be found alive. I think the first real prayers I ever offered were sent up then that the thaw might keep away until all the sheep were found.

It did keep away wonderfully. At the end of three weeks all but twenty-four were rescued. Still, we searched, and now and then found a poor creature, famished and emaciated, but alive, which we carried to the farmhouse and consigned to my mother and the girls, who chafed and fed and tended till it was won back to a degree of strength, while we spared no time from the search.

"It is no use to hunt longer; the rest are all dead," said my father one night when we were coming home dispirited and weary, having found five of the poor things lying together, drowned, in one of the hollows. "You look thin and pale, Jack. You have worked well. I think I must release you now."

But I would not be released. The word had been, "No play till every sheep is found," and, alive or dead, they should all be found. I toiled alone next day, but I found three, and one was alive. The thaw carried away the snow so fast that I had less and less area to search over now. But it was poor encouragement to work, for all I found were dead. A dozen times I was tempted to yield to my mother's persuasions not to throw away any more labor. But my father said not a word, and I kept on.

"The sheep are all found now, father: I took off the pelt of the last of the dead to-day," I said one evening, when he came in late from work.

"Well, Jack, this lesson has cost me almost a score of sheep and both of us a good deal of hard work; but if it teaches you to be faithful to all your duties in future, I shall not be sorry."

"Thank you, father," said I: and I vowed inwardly that it should, and I believe that it did. *Selected.*

SOUTHERN INDIAN TRIBES.

BY M. G. TREJO.

THE Papago Indians inhabit a healthy country which is very dry ten months in the year, the rain generally falling there only in July and August. They have their little cottages located near every spring of water, which, by the way, are not very abundant in that dry region. In summer they plant a little corn and squash and melons on the sides of the hills and in the washes where the soil is the most moist, and utilize every drop of water they can to make their crops grow. They are proud of their country, and unwilling to exchange it for the most fertile part of Arizona. The Government offered them a chance to do so last year, in consideration of their peaceful character and working habits, but the Indians declined.

There are advantages about their present home which they value. They grow there strong, healthy, independent and happy. Their strength, especially that of the female sex, is quite extraordinary. It is a common thing for a Papago woman to take a huge bundle of hay on her head, in addition to her babe, and carry it to Tucson, a distance of from ten to twenty miles, sell her hay, make her purchase at the stores there, and return to her home the same day, performing the task as cheerfully and with as much apparent ease as if she were taking a walk for pleasure.

Being such a healthy and good people it is only natural that they should be a good-looking people, both male and female. They have regular features like the Mexicans, but are taller and stronger than the latter.

This strong tribe is the only one that has been able to turn the warlike Apaches to their own country, so that their proximity to the settlements of the whites has been a safeguard to them. The Apaches have never been known to pass through the country of the Papagos.

The Papagos were once under the rule of the Jesuit priests, who, with a great show of kindness succeeded in enticing them out of their desert retreat and establishing them in more fertile but dangerous places, and in bringing them into

subjection and slavery. When weakened under the rule of these false followers of Christ, the Apaches came upon them, killed their priests, destroyed their cities and scattered the people, leaving only heaps of ruins and desolation, like a monument, to warn the neighboring tribes and nations of what is likely to be their fate before long, if they do not rid themselves of the false religion and degrading priestcraft rule that have been such a prolific source of misery in that country and others.

When Brother J. Z. Stewart and I first visited these Indians, two years ago, we found them so willing to listen to us that we readily succeeded in getting their chief men together, when, with an interpreter who could speak the Spanish language, we taught them the principles of the gospel and the history of their ancestors. They looked very much surprised at hearing our account of the latter, and were quite pleased with all we taught. They expressed their willingness to obey the gospel, and we promised that we would come at some future time and locate near them, so that we could teach them how to work, as well as the proper manner of approaching our Heavenly Father. Our missionary field was so extensive, and the Catholic priest in that section of country was so bitter in opposing and persecuting us, that we have been prevented from fulfilling our promise to them yet, though our most southern colony, where Brother P. C. Merrill presides, is not very far from them—only one hundred miles. The difficulties of settling a new country have tended to retard our work among the Indians, but I trust this branch of the house of Israel will not be kept much longer in ignorance of the gospel. The Lord will raise up laborers for His vineyard, and the Papagos will soon be instructed in the gospel truths, and brought into the fold of Christ, as is being the case with the Pimas now, through the labors of Brother D. W. Jones, on Salt River.

Doubtless many of the little readers of the INSTRUCTOR will yet be privileged to bear the gospel to the Indians, preach to them in their own tongue, and act as saviors to this once enlightened but now benighted people.

TEMPLES.

BY DANIEL TYLER.

(Continued.)

THE doctrine of building temples has not been confined to the Lord's people. Most of the heathen nations who have had any claim to civilization have reared temples; and, strange to say, for sacred purposes. The Egyptians at one period of their history had many temples in which to offer their oblations to Jehovah. In those temples they had many idols. The learned were reminded by these images of an invisible deity. Some of them, in the form of different animals and fowls, combined, represented to their minds not so much the form of the object of their worship as the attributes—the disposition and traits of character. Through these idols they worshipped what they considered the true God.

While this was true of the learned and well-informed, the unlettered and more superstitious worshipped them, not as the representatives, but as the real gods, on whom their good or ill fortune depended. The learned, who were usually the leaders, took no pains to bring the masses to their standard, or change their views as to the idols being real Gods. It was to their interest to keep them in ignorance; hence whenever a

victory was gained or any good befell them it was attributed to those dumb idols, and if adversity followed it was set down as the result of the displeasure of the gods. In either case presents must be made to those false deities. If they were angry, presents and sacrifices were offered to appease them; but if they were prosperous, presents were made as tokens of gratitude.

Those heathen nations were the offspring of apostates from the true faith. Hence it appears that temple-building for sacred purposes was a relic of the priesthood which had been handed down from the days of their ancestors.

The building of temples seems to have been a doctrine of the ancient Christian church, not only from the fact that the founder of the Christian faith was begotten in a temple, but the Egyptians no sooner embraced Christianity than they commenced the building of those sacred edifices. Those people were so corrupt that, of course, the Lord would not accept them at their hands; but they built them all the same as a sacred, religious duty. Jesus was much attached to the temple, which was built by Solomon in accordance with the command of God; and a knowledge of its fate, with that of the city of Jerusalem, caused Him to weep aloud. In the agony of His soul He exclaimed: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not!" and in the next breath He exclaimed, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." What house? The temple, of course, which even the Jews, wicked as they were, looked upon as being most sacred. It had been recognized as the Lord's house, but, since He was not allowed "to lay his head" in it, and it was polluted by a "den of thieves," it seemed necessary that Jesus should make a showing in the interest of His Father's right to the control of the temple He had ordered to be built for sacred purposes. Hence, with a whip made of small cords, he drove the intruders out; but we have no account that His authority was ever acknowledged by the Jews, or that He pretended to assume any control over it afterwards. There was a font in the temple, standing upon twelve oxen, similar to the one in St. George; but, as it was controlled by those who were opposed to the Savior, it is not probable that either He or His disciples attempted any work in it. Although the latter were "baptized for the dead," the probabilities are that this work was done in the rivers and brooks where the living were baptized for the remission of sins. It is probable also that they had to be as private as possible about it. The religious belief that nothing could be done for the dead was as popular then as now, and persecution on this account was probably as great, and perhaps greater than it now is about plural marriage. This is plainly shown by a question of the Apostle Paul: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? * * * And why stand we in jeopardy every hour?" It is clear from this passage that the disciples were in hourly jeopardy for teaching and practicing baptism for the dead. If the temple had been under their control the secrets of the order would have been kept from bigoted priests and political demagogues.

(To be Continued.)

MANY of us are apt to attribute a bad motive to a good action; but few of us, when one has been guilty of a bad action, ever think of attributing a good motive to it.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1879.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HE great nation in which we live is just now undergoing one of its periodical spasms of indignation over what is usually termed the "Mormon question." News comes to us of the administrative power of the Government working itself into a fever over the subject, and making powerful exertions to bring it into prominence and make it as offensive as possible before other national powers. The cry is uttered at Washington that "Mormonism" must be crushed out of existence. The newspapers of the country take up the refrain and most of them yelp over it like so many angry curs.

Preachers from their pulpits, political demagogues from their platforms, and loafers from hotel steps and curb stones prate about it, discuss it, and generally denounce it as the one great and crying evil that mars the purity of American society.

Cunning politicians doubtless have an object in view in raising the cry, but the masses who repeat it and who call so vehemently for summary vengeance upon the "Mormons," are affected with a mania, the real cause of which is unknown to them.

Suppose a diseased, pestilent fellow were to apply to a physician and complain of an ailment in some obscure and insignificant portion or member of his body—in one of his toes, for instance. But suppose this particular toe showed no signs of disease, but appeared to be the most healthy portion of his system, while every other part so abounded with sores and swellings and dislocations and eruptions as to render him perfectly hideous. What would the physician think of this fellow if he persisted in ignoring and disregarding all these while he complained only of that particular healthy-looking toe? He would set him down as a monomaniac, and conclude that to cure him, he must "minister to a mind diseased."

Here is a great nation, the head and heart and body and arms of which point at little Utah, one of the most obscure and insignificant parts of the whole republic, and denounce it as being the most vile, diseased, noxious and unsightly part in existence. In fact the ulcers, the eruptions and distortions of other parts are entirely lost sight of and ignored in contemplation of what they imagine the particularly foul and unhealthy part—far away, obscure little Utah.

The result of all this will be that thinking, reasoning men, such as physicians are supposed to be, will take pains to investigate the matter, and learn the real cause of all this outcry about Utah, or the people of Utah—the "Mormons."

As a physician would naturally look for inflammation or other outward evidence, if a patient complained of great pain or soreness in one of his limbs, so will thinking men first look for outward evidence of the vices and evils with which the Saints are charged.

Are these people—the "Mormons"—lawless, dishonest and indolent? Do they prey upon each other or upon strangers who come among them?

No; the civil and criminal records of the Territory show that of the crimes that are committed in Utah, the very great majority are by persons who do not profess to be "Mormons," although the "Mormons" compose at least nine-tenths of the population of the Territory. They are the most peaceable, law-abiding people in the Union. And as for indolence, even their enemies admit that a more industrious people cannot be found.

Are there many paupers among the "Mormons," many homeless women and uncared-for children; and are the aged neglected and allowed to die of want when unable to earn a living?

No; instances of "Mormons" begging for alms are very rare, almost unknown in Utah. Women and children are provided with homes, protected and cared for; the wants of the aged are tenderly looked after and supplied, and their declining years made as cheerful as possible. In these respects the "Mormon" community is without an equal in the world.

Are the "Mormons" an idolatrous or blasphemous people? Do they disregard the Sabbath day, and make light of sacred things?

No; they worship God, pray in the name of Jesus Christ, and believe in and try to practice His teachings, and the teachings of prophets and holy men of old, as they find them recorded in the Bible. Their creed teaches them to revere and hold sacred the name of God, to cease from labor and worship God upon the Sabbath day, and keep sacred things inviolate.

Are the "Mormons" an intemperate people?

No; drunkenness and all other excesses are strictly forbidden in their creed, and they regard it as a religious duty to be temperate and self-denying.

Do the "Mormons" oppress those who differ from them in opinion, or interfere with their liberties?

No; they consider that all men have a right to their opinions, and are entitled to perfect liberty to worship as they choose, or seek happiness in any way that suits them, so long as they do not infringe upon other people's rights.

Are the "Mormons" capable of self government?

They have shown the greatest possible evidence that they are. Their Territorial, County and City treasuries, of which they have control, are free from debt, and the elections of officers among them are marked by such peace and unanimity as are to be found nowhere else in the nation.

As there is no evidence then, to be found of the evils with which the "Mormons" are charged, what must be the verdict of reasoning men who investigate the subject? That the hubbub about the "Mormons" is the result of a mania, prompted by a power as subtle and mysterious as that which causes some monomaniacs to imagine that their legs are made of glass, which the slightest knock would break into a thousand pieces.

The Saints know that Satan is the author of this mania, and that his design is to overthrow the work of God; but instead of doing so the efforts made will only tend to hasten on its progress. Thousands of persons will probably be led by these very means to investigate the principles of truth, and, if honest, to embrace the same, if not, to reject it to their condemnation.

The Latter-day Saints will live and flourish, and their religion—the true gospel—will prevail, when those who seek their overthrow will be dead and forgotten.

ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW.

ELIJAH was one of the greatest prophets in ancient Israel of which we have any account. He was a man of mighty faith. To him were committed important keys which he held, and which the prophet Malachi prophesied he should come in the last days to restore to the earth. That prophet says: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Elijah did come, and bestowed the keys which he held upon the prophet Joseph. So that these keys are now held, and the authority thereof is exercised in this dispensation. From the history of the prophet Joseph we obtain the following description of the visit of Elijah, when he came to restore the keys which he held:

of course, produced a famine in the land. At the beginning of the famine the Lord told Elijah to hide himself by the brook Cherith. There he was to drink of the water of the brook, and the Lord told him He had commanded the ravens to feed him. The ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and the evening; these provisions, with the water of the brook, supplied his wants. But after awhile, there being no rain, the brook dried up. Then the Lord directed the prophet to go and live at a city called Zarephath: "Behold," said He, "I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee."

The scene which we have in the engraving is the meeting of the prophet Elijah and the widow at the gate of Zarephath. She was out there gathering sticks. He said to her: "Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel that I may drink." She started to get him the water, and he called to her, and said: "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand." This was asking a great deal in a time of famine like that they



"* * * Another great and glorious vision burst upon them, for Elijah, the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before them, and said, 'Behold the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he (Elijah) should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. Therefore,' said he, 'the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands, and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the doors.'"

The engraving which is given herewith represents an interesting incident in the life of Elijah, which illustrates what mighty works a man, whom God chooses to be His prophet and whom He honors as such, can perform. The Lord commanded Elijah to say to the king—Ahab—that there should be no dew nor rain in the land for some years. This,

had there. Bread was more valuable than gold. But the widow had learned who Elijah was, and she told him frankly her condition. She said to him: "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die." This was to be their last meal, for what could a poor widow do towards getting food at a time when famine prevailed? But the prophet said unto her: "Fear not, go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel. The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth."

She obeyed Elijah and fed him, and the word of the Lord was fulfilled—the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail. Her faith in the Lord met with its reward. She

fed the servant of God, and He blessed and increased her food, and the lives of herself and son were spared. It is an easy matter for the Lord to increase food in this manner. Many instances of the kind have occurred in the history of the Church. The money and means and food of the Elders and Saints have been increased upon many occasions.

The son of the widow died while Elijah was at her house. The prophet prayed to the Lord, and he was raised from the dead. This was a great blessing. The widow rejoiced at the raising up of her son. Those who entertain the servants of God are always blessed of Him. Those who give even a cup of cold water to one of His servants shall in no wise lose his or her reward.

A DIALOGUE.

Between Father and Son.

SON.—Father, Elder Brown was preaching last night, and he said everybody should repent.

FATHER.—Certainly.

S.—Why should they? I do many things I don't want to repent of.

F.—Very likely, and many things that you ought to repent of.

S.—Oh, I don't know.

F.—But I do.

S.—Well, what should I repent of?

F.—Everything that is not good, everything that is wrong. I do not suppose that any boy or man ever lived who did not do some things that were not right.

S.—Perhaps nobody has done *exactly right* always.

F.—And a good many have done *very wrong* at times. You know boys who have done wrong!

S.—Yes, lots of them.

F.—And men, too?

S.—Yes, I know some men who have done wrong, too.

F.—All those men and boys should repent of their wrong doings.

S.—I wish they would, and then go and never do wrong any more.

F.—That would be the only evidence you would have of their repentance.

S.—Well, I should not think they had repented if they went and did the same wrong again.

F.—But some people do repent, and then go and do the same wrongs again, sometimes through carelessness, sometimes through lack of sufficient resolution to do right. Yet when a person says he repents of doing a thing, and then goes and does the same thing again, the suspicion naturally arises that he has not repented, and people feel as if they could not believe him.

S.—A very reasonable suspicion and feeling, too, I should think!

F.—True repentance must come from the heart as well as the tongue. A person who sees he is doing wrong, and has not strength of mind to turn from his wrong-doing and do right, is lost.

S.—Why?

F.—Because he becomes so subject to doing wrong that there is no ground for hope that he will ever do better. He is a slave to wrong-doing just as much as if he was chained to it.

S.—Yes, like Mr. Blinkum. He gets drunk every Saturday, and sometimes beats Mrs. Blinkum and the children. But every Sunday he repents and promises to do better. Yet it is of no use, and nobody believes him now. He has deceived people so often.

F.—That sort of repentance is like what the Bible says is a repentance to be repented of, because it does not bring forth the satisfactory fruits of true repentance—reformation. True repentance consists not only in being sorry for doing wrong, but also in doing better thenceforth. It is ceasing to do evil and beginning to do well, also continuing in well-doing, and not returning to the wrong-doing.

S.—But why is it so necessary to repent?

F.—Because it is necessary for people to do good, and not evil, if they wish to be truly happy and to make a state of society that is desirable to live in. Would you not rather live among people who do right than among those who do wrong?

S.—Of course I would.

F.—Well, that is what the Lord calls us to, in order that He can rightfully give to us many blessings, and in order that we may become His children and live with Him some time in perfect happiness. Hence He says, through His servants, that all people must repent of their sins and turn to Him, and work righteousness; if they would be saved from the misery and other bad consequences of their sins.

S.—But suppose they can't turn from their sins and do better, like Mr. Blinkum over his getting drunk every week.

F.—But they can, if they begin and strive against sin in time, before it has got a thorough mastery over them and made them its slaves. Then it is comparatively easy, and the Lord will give them strength to do it if they ask Him in faith. Good habits as well as bad habits get stronger the longer we follow them, until it becomes like our own nature, a part of ourselves, to do either good or bad, just as we set ourselves.

HONOR TO PARENTS.

BY H. C.

IN reading the history of ancient nations one singular fact is very noticeable, namely, that nations have the same stages of birth, growth, decay, and death, that men and plants have. And, to complete the comparison, new nations rise from the ruins of the old, as new vegetation springs up and grows luxuriantly on the very spot where the old died and decayed.

But one would naturally ask, "Why cannot man live under the same laws and governments from age to age as well as to keep changing, when no permanent benefit seems to be derived from the change?" A moment's reflection tells us why. Nations and governments represent communities banded together for mutual preservation and interest. The benefits of such organizations are best appreciated by humanity after a season of anarchy, when human life, liberty and rights have been imperiled. The object of establishing civil government has generally been to correct and guard against these evils. In the rise of most nations the laws have been just and the desires of the people good; hence, they prospered. But when they become wealthy they become corrupt; and a wicked nation has not union enough to stand, therefore it falls.

The history of China, however, seems to be an exception to most ancient nations, as chronologists tell us it has existed almost since the flood, and is now in a comparatively sound condition. Have our young readers ever wondered why this is? Perhaps God has some wise plan in keeping that people distinct, but I have often thought it might be partly because they obey the command of God which says: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The social laws of China require implicit obedience to parents, and the honor, respect and even reverence which the Chinese show for aged persons constitute a national characteristic. God has promised us long life in the land given us if we will honor and obey our parents, and why should not the Chinese reap the benefit of this law if they fulfill it? Whether obedience to parents is the reason God has preserved China so long or not, we should profit by their example, and give our parents the honor due them, and we will secure the blessing promised by our Creator.

Curiosities in Human Food.

AMONG THE AUSTRALIANS.

(Concluded.)

"ALTHOUGH the idea of snake eating is so repugnant to our ideas that many persons cannot eat eels because they look like snakes, the Australian knows better, and considers a snake one of the greatest delicacies which the earth produces. He knows that a snake in good condition ought to have plenty of fat, and to be well flavored, and is always easy in his mind so long as he can catch one.

"The process of cooking is exactly like that which is employed with fish, except that more pains are taken about it, as is consistent with the superior character of the food. The fire being lighted, the native squats in front of it and waits until the flame and smoke have partly died away, and then carefully coils the snake on the embers, turning it and recoiling it until all the scales are so scorched that they can be rubbed off. He then allows it to remain until it is cooked according to his ideas, and eats it deliberately, as becomes such a dainty, picking out the best parts for himself, and, if he be in a good humor, tossing the rest to his wives.

"Snake hunting is carried on in rather a curious manner. Killing a snake at once, unless it should be wanted for immediate consumption, would be extremely foolish, as it would be unfit for food before the night had passed away. Taking it alive, therefore, is the plan which is adopted by the skillful hunter, and this he manages in a very ingenious way.

Should he come upon one of the venomous serpents, he cuts off its retreat, and with his spear or with a forked stick he irritates it with one hand, while in his other he holds the narrow wooden shield. By repeated blows he induces the reptile to attack him, and dextrously receives the stroke on the shield, flinging the snake back by the sudden repulse. Time after time the snake renews the attack, and is as often foiled; and at last it yields the battle, and lies on the ground completely beaten. The hunter then presses his forked stick on the reptile's neck, seizes it firmly, and holds it while a net is thrown over it and it is bound securely to his spear. It is then carried off, and reserved for the next day's banquet.

Sometimes the opossum-skin cloak takes the place of the shield, and the snake is allowed to bite it.

The carpet snake, which sometimes attains the length of ten or twelve feet, is favorite game with the Australian native, as its large size furnishes him with an abundant supply of meat, as well as the fat in which his soul delights. This snake mostly lives in holes at the foot of the curious grass-tree, and in many places it is so plentiful that there is scarcely a grass-tree without its snake.

As it would be a waste of time to probe each hole in succession, the natives easily ascertain those holes which are inhabited by smearing the earth around them with a kind of white clay mixed with water, which is as soft as putty. On the following day they can easily see, by the appearance of the clay, when a snake has entered or left its hole, and at once proceed to induce the reptile to leave its stronghold. This is done by putting on the trunk of the tree immediately over the hole a bait, which the natives state to be honey, and waiting patiently, often for many hours, until the serpent is attracted by the bait and climbs the tree. As soon as it is clear of the hole, its

retreat is cut off, and the result of the ensuing combat is a certainty.

Of all Australian animals, the kangaroo is most in favor, both on account of the excellent quality of the flesh, and the quantity which a single kangaroo will furnish. It is hardly necessary to remind the readers that with the Australian, as with other savages, quantity is considered rather than quality. A full grown "boomah" kangaroo will, when standing upright, in its usual attitude of defense, measure nearly six feet in height, and is of very considerable weight. And, when an Australian kills a kangaroo, he performs feats of gluttony to which the rest of the world can scarcely furnish a parallel, and certainly not a superior. Give an Australian a kangaroo and he will eat until he is nearly dead from repletion; and he will go on eating, with short intervals of rest, until he has finished the entire kangaroo.

Like other savage creatures, whether human or otherwise, he is capable of bearing deprivation of food to a wonderful extent; and his patient endurance of starvation, when food is not to be obtained, is only to be excelled by his gluttony when it is plentiful. This curious capacity for alternate gluttony and starvation is fostered by the ionately lazy disposition of the Australian savage, and his utter disregard for the future. The animal that ought to serve him and his family for a week is consumed in a few hours; and, as long as he does not feel the pain of absolute hunger, nothing can compel the man to leave his rude couch and go off on a hunting expedition. But when he does make up his mind to hunt, he has a bull-dog sort of tenacity which forbids him to relinquish the chase until he has been successful in bringing down his game."

THE THREE ERAS.

BY HANNAH T. KING.

(Continued.)

THEREFORE, it is only by endeavoring to be good boys, and by acquiring all useful knowledge, that you will gain the love and approbation of your parents and friends. God, you know, loves little children, and blesses them when they try to be good, and helps them to be so; and Jesus Christ loves them, too, and calls them His, and takes care of them. You, Edie, enter to-day upon what I shall call the first era of life; that is, you have passed your infancy, now you will begin to feel you are alive; you are no longer a baby; people will call you a boy—a great boy—and expect great things from you. I shall begin to talk to you, as to a rational creature, and expect you will attend to all I shall say for your good, and instantly obey my injunctions. Your tutor will expect the same, and the same results. Every day we shall expect to see you increase in knowledge, and understanding of what you learn. You must learn to think. You must think how good the Lord has been in giving to you such kind parents; in giving you good health; surrounding you with friends, whose only wish is to see you a good boy, and in trying to make you a useful, good man. You must think of your responsibility, and recollect where much is given, much will be required. By thinking, you will "mark, learn and digest" all we say to you for your good, and you will then sooner attain the noble, and comprehensive title of man.

EDIE.—I am sure I will try all I can, for I wish to be good, and I long to be a man, and then I can ride "Blueskin" when, and where I like, without having Jim at his head, holding the rein, which I don't like at all. I shall never learn to ride

while I go creeping along in that way, and Blueskin must have had training enough now. Aunt, listen to me, may I not ride alone now, that I am seven years old? I won't go very fast, only just canter a little now and then.

MAMMA.—No, I must not trust you yet, you are too fearless, and Blueskin possesses too much of his little master's temperament to be trusted, either. Were he as steady as Tom's dear little Fanny, I should have no objection; but that is not to be expected yet—because Fanny is old and steady, the other wild and young.

What would your own dear mamma say if you were run away with, and perhaps got an arm, or leg broken? Whom do you think she would blame? You are silent because you know she would blame me, and justly, too. I hope by the time she comes to see us again, you and the pony will be wonderfully improved in point of stability. I prophesy time will do great things for both of you in that respect, and you will see more to be afraid of.

EDIE.—But, Aunt, boys and men ought not to be cowards. You always say you despise a coward.

MAMMA.—Oh! certainly, I love and admire a bold, intrepid spirit. It is the peculiar attribute of a man, but all good qualities require proper control, or they often become worthless, and actually lead us into sin.

TOM.—Mamma, may we have a ride this evening, as it is Edie's birthday?

MAMMA.—O yes, we will all go, your sisters will be delighted to be of the party, I dare say. Now, have you enjoyed your treat?

BOTH BOYS.—I have, I have.

MAMMA.—Well, now go to play for a little while, and then for Fanny and Blueskin and a delightful ride.

EDIE.—Without Jim, Aunt?

MAMMA.—No, you insinuating rogue; Jim will certainly go.

NURSERY RHYMES.

DID it ever occur to our youthful readers that the nursery stories and rhymes with which grandma or nurse now amuses the younger members of the family are the very same that were told to them by older folks in the days when they were young? Yet it is so. They first heard them when they were toddling infants just beginning to take an interest in the world around them. And what is true of grandma is true of grandma's grandma. The same stories that delight the little ones of to-day amused those of hundreds of years ago. In fact it is almost impossible to find out anything about the origin of most of these curious specimens of literature, or to discover their authors. The children who lived when Columbus discovered America, or when King Canute reigned in Denmark and Britain, took delight in many of the same stories that are so pleasant to baby ears in this enlightened age. Baby nature is very much the same in all ages; whether reared in the palace or the cottage, their senses are the same, their affections the same, their reasoning powers (speaking as a whole), their faith their desires, very much the same. And these strange improbable stories and queer jingling rhymes have been handed down, with but slight alterations from parents to children as part of the home life of the family for centuries, whilst great poets and writers have arisen, grown to fame and passed into oblivion. The strength of these baby rhymes has been that they appealed to the simplest part of our nature and held a place in our memories hallowed by the recollections of our

earliest years. For this cause very few new productions of this description become popular. They have no associations with which the aged link the present with the past. To this rule, however, we have a notable exception in the melodies of Mother Goose, which, though the creation of an old New England lady, who lived less than a hundred years ago, have taken a hold on the affections of the boys and girls second to none of their older associates.

Who would have thought that the story of that terrible old monster, Blue Beard, was thousands of years old? Yet it is. Some have fancied that it referred to the peculiar married life of King Henry VIII., of England. This is a mistake. The story has been found in books written in the language of the Icelanders hundreds of years before bluff King Hal was born. The people of that far-off northern island had flourishing schools and a literature when nearly all the rest of Europe were enveloped in the grossest mental darkness and ignorance. They emigrated in very early times from Scandinavia, and back to that land has the exciting story of the beautiful Fatima and her ogre of a husband been traced. Nor is it reasonable to imagine that it had its origin in those bleak northern shores. It is evidently a story of oriental creation. The plot, the characters and the incidents all point in that direction. And, as well supported traditions of those people point to western Asia as their first home, and the country bordering on the Caspian Sea as their early dwelling place, is it out of place to imagine that our Israelitish fathers in their captivity heard this story in their babyhood, or, indeed, may not King David have listened to it at his home in Bethlehem, or Queen Bathsheba told it to little Solomon, midst the glories of his father's palace at Jerusalem? We think that there are far more unlikely things than this.

There are other stories that may be quite as ancient as that of Blue Beard. One writer admits that many of them existed "anterior to any authentic history. There is no exaggeration in attributing to them an immense age." Hallewell says: "We find that the same trifles that ere while lulled or amused the English infant are current, in slightly varied forms, throughout the north of Europe; we know that they have been sung in the northern countries for centuries." Scandinavia appears to have been the birth place of many of our English nursery rhymes, as it is of much else relating to the home life of English-speaking people.

Some of the apparently nonsensical nursery rhymes, that are so hateful to crusty old bachelors with a turn of mind towards cynical philosophy, had their origin in historical events. Take, for example, the lines:—

"I had a little nut tree: nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me."

This rhyme is said to refer to the visit of Joanna of Castile to the English court of Henry VII., in 1506.

The well-known complaint of the school boy:—

"Multiplication is vexation,
Division's twice as bad;
The rule of three doth puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad,"

is found in a manuscript dated 1570. We have no idea how long before this date the youthful students used to express their arithmetical difficulties in this same rhyme.

The story of little Jack Horner, of whom we have all heard, is taken from a very ancient tale entitled "Jack and his step-

dame." A somewhat modern copy, printed in London in 1617, gives it as follows:—

"When friends they did together meet,
To pass away the time,
Why little Jack, he sure would eat
His Christmas pie in rhyme;
And said 'Jack Horner, in the corner,
Eats good Christmas pie,'
And with his thumbs, pulls out the plums,
And said: 'good boy am I.'"

We have possibly given sufficient examples. Our remarks are simply intended to show how very much alike is infant human nature in every age and clime, before it is spoiled by false education and warped by unwise management. G. R.

SCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

BY J. L. BARFOOT.

BETWEEN PRECEPTOR AND PUPIL.

PRECEPTOR.—Resuming our conversation on the nature of "rust," it may be assumed that electricity was not the cause of the phenomenon you noticed—that of iron nails becoming rusty—although light, heat, electricity and magnetism are so closely related that they are convertible terms. It is found that iron instruments rust more rapidly in tropical climates than in those which are colder, from which it is inferred that heat has an influence in accelerating oxidation—or rusting. So that it appears that oxygen, moisture and heat are essential to oxidation in the form of rust. You may have seen the burning of a piece of a watch-spring in oxygen gas. It is a common and brilliant experiment in our lecture rooms. In this case, the gas, oxygen, unites directly with the metal and a black oxide is produced—not rust, which is a red oxide.

PUPIL.—The attraction of the magnet seems to me to be superior to the attraction of gravitation, for a heavy body made of iron clings to it, instead of falling, as it would do but for the magnetic influence.

PRECEPTOR.—It may be stated that all the natural phenomena are the results of natural causes, the nature of which is not completely understood. All phenomena are resolvable into this simple expression: *Some form of matter in some form of motion.*

PUPIL.—But we do not see anything in motion by which the iron is drawn towards the magnet.

PRECEPTOR.—But effects are seen from which it is fair to infer that forces are in operation. In experiments with the bar magnet, which was illustrated in No. 10, that instrument is only the vehicle by which the nature of the force may be understood. The small rod suspended by a silk thread with its two extremities will enable you to prove satisfactorily to your understanding that there are electric forces operating, as explained in our former conversation. Faraday, speaking of the attraction of gravitation, says: "Gravital! Surely this force must be capable of an experimental relation to electricity and magnetism and the other forces, so as to bind it up with them in reciprocal action and equivalent effect."

Men are beginning to question the truth of opinions advanced by the greatest authorities in relation to the physical forces of the universe. It is now thought that mistakes have been made in so serious a matter as the constitution of the sun, that instead of its being supplied by fuel to generate its enormous heat, that electricity is the great heat-generator.

PUPIL.—Then there is no danger of the sun burning out, and leaving this solar system in darkness, as predicted in some recent philosophical writings.

PRECEPTOR.—We may not so rapidly come to conclusions as some philosophers do. We have data worthy of as much confidence as that of any school of philosophy—writings by ancient and modern prophets, who spoke by inspiration, as moved upon by the Holy Ghost. So far as science has yet advanced in her researches, everything discovered proves, and not a thing of importance to our well-being disproves, the truth of those revelations.

A work has recently appeared, propounding new and original theories of the great physical forces, by H. Raymond Rogers, M. D., in which the author attempts to prove that all natural phenomena are produced by electricity. He endeavors to show that the earth is in a state of magnetism, and that the sun is a great battery, from which the earth and other planets receive their electrical energies. The author puts forth many new ideas, and attempts to break up old theories without satisfactorily showing their falsity, or substituting others worthy of our acceptance. He states that there is a "grand magnetic current;" that the retro-acting influence in operation between the earth and the sun is the "key" to the correlation and identity of all the natural forces. I mention this merely to show that the knowledge of even the solar system, but a small part of this universe, is at present very limited, and that there is a wide field open for future investigation.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.—Professor Wilder gives these short rules for action in case of accidents:

For dust in the eyes avoid rubbing; dash water into them. Remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger.

Before passing through smoke take a full breath and then stoop low; but if carbon is suspected, walk erect. Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound, or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat by water or mustard. For acid poisons, give alkalies; in case of opium poison, give strong coffee, and keep moving. If in water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

FRIENDSHIP.—Whatever happens never forsake a friend. When enemies gather, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

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MUSIC BY J. DUTTON.

Moderato.

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I'll be a lit - tle "Mormon," And seek to know the ways That God has taught His
 peo - ple In these the lat - ter days. I know that He has blest me With
 mer - cies rich and kind, And I will strive to serve Him With all my might and mind.

By sacred revelation,
 Which He to us has given,
 He tells us how to follow
 The ancient saints to heaven.
 Though I am young and little,
 I, too, may learn forthwith
 To love the precious gospel
 Revealed to Joseph Smith.

With Jesus for the standard,
 A sure and perfect guide,
 And Joseph's wise example,
 What can I need beside?
 I'll strive from every evil
 To keep my heart and tongue—
 I'll be a little "Mormon,"
 And follow Brigham Young.

MY MOTHER.

BY HANNAH T. KING.

When light first beam'd upon my face,
 Who pres'd me in a fond embrace,
 With love that might an angel grace?
 My mother.

Who laid me on her weaken'd arm,
 And as she gazed, thought every charm
 Concentr'd in my infant form?
 My mother.

Who nourished me with tend'rest care,
 And offered many a fervent prayer
 That I, God's love might always share?
 My mother.

When first I lisped her tender name,
 With what delight she heard the same,
 And pres'd me in her arms again?
 My mother.

Who taught me God's most holy word
 And kindly chid me when I erred,
 And all I said, delighted heard?
 My mother.

Who taught me what I strictly owed,
 Both to my neighbor and my God,
 And led me into virtue's road?
 My mother.

By precept, not alone, she sought
 To fill my mind with virtuous thought—
 Example, strengthen'd all she taught.
 My mother.

When childhood's years had flitted by
 What tender friend was ever nigh—
 Whose was that watchful anxious eye?
 My mother's.

And shall all this have been in vain?
 Forbid it heaven! while life remain
 I'll cherish still thy honor'd name,
 My mother.

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